

To rot it selfe with motion.

*Mes. Caesar* I bring thee word,  
*Menacrates* and *Menas* famous Pyrates  
Makes the Sea ferue them, which they care and wound  
With keeles of euery kinde. Many hot inrodes  
They make in Italy, the Borders Maritime  
Lacke blood to thinke on't, and flush youth reuolt,  
No Vessell can peepe forth: but 'tis as soone  
Taken as scene: for *Pompey*'s name strikes more  
Then could his Warre resisted.

*Caesar. Anthony,*  
Leaue thy lasciuious Vassalles. When thou once  
Was beaten from *Medena*, where thou slew'st  
*Hirius*, and *Pausa* Consuls, at thy heele  
Did Famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,  
(Though daintily brought vp) with patience more  
Then Sauages could suffer. Thou did'st drinke  
The stale of Horses, and the gilded Puddle  
Which Beasts would cough at. Thy pallat the did daine  
The roughest Berry, on the rudest Hedge.  
Yea, like the Stagge, when Snow the Pasture sheets,  
The barkes of Trees thou brows'd. On the Alpes,  
It is reported thou did'st eate strange flesh,  
Which some did dye to looke on: And all this  
(It wounds thine Honor that I speake it now)  
Was borne so like a Soldiour, that thy cheeke  
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* 'Tis pittie of him.

*Ces.* Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome, 'tis time we twaine  
Did shew our selues i'th Field, and to that end  
Assemble me immediate counsell, *Pompey*  
Thrives in our Idlenesse.

*Lep.* To morrow *Caesar*,  
I shall be furnisht to informe you rightly  
Both what by Sea and Land I can be able  
To front this present time.

*Ces.* Til which encounter, it is my busines too, Farwell.

*Lep.* Farwell my Lord, what you shall know mean time  
Offirres abroad, I shall beseech you Sir  
To let me be partaker.

*Caesar.* Doubt not sir, I knew it for my Bond. *Exeunt*  
*Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, & Mardian.*

*Cleo. Charmian,*

*Char. Madam,*

*Cleo.* Ha, ha, giue me to drinke *Mandragora*.

*Char.* Why Madam?

*Cleo.* That I might sleepe out this great gap of time:  
My *Anthony* is away.

*Char.* You thinke of him too much.

*Cleo.* O'tis Treason.

*Char.* Madam, I trust not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, Eunuch *Mardian*?

*Mar.* What's your Highnesse pleasure?

*Cleo.* Not now to heare thee sing. I take no pleasure  
In ought an Eunuch ha's: 'Tis well for thee,  
That being vnteminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not flye forth of Egypt. Hast thou Affections?

*Mar.* Yes gracious Madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed?

*Mar.* Not in deed Madam, for I can do nothing  
But what in deede is honest to be done:  
Yet haue I fierce Affections, and thinke  
What *Venus* did with *Mars*.

*Cleo.* Oh *Charmian*:

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?

Or does he walke? Or is he on his Horse?  
Oh happy horse to beare the weight of *Anthony*!  
Do brauely Horse, for wor'st thou whom thou mou'st,  
The demy *Atlas* of this Earth, the Arme  
And Burganet of men. Hee's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, where's my Serpent of old Nile,  
(For so he calls me:) Now I feede my selfe  
With most delicious poyson. Thinke on me  
That am with *Phœbus* amorous pinches blacke,  
And wrinkled deepe in time. Broad-fronted *Caesar*,  
When thou was't heere about the ground, I was  
A morsell for a Monarke: and great *Pompey*  
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow,  
There would he anchor his Aspect, and dye  
With looking on his life.

*Enter Alexas from Caesar.*

*Alex.* Soueraigne of Egypt, haile.

*Cleo.* How much vnlike art thou *Marke Anthony*?  
Yet coming from him, that great *Med'cine* hath  
With his Tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my braue *Marke Anthony*?

*Alex.* Last thing he did (deere *Queen*)

He kist the last of many doubled kisses  
This Orient Pearle. His speech stickes in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine eare must plucke it thence.

*Alex.* Good Friend, quoth he:

Say the firme Roman to great Egypt sends  
This treasure of an Oyster: at whose foote  
To mend the petty present, I will peece  
Her opulent Throne, with Kingdomes. All the East,  
(Say thou) shall call her Mistris. So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an Arme-gaunt Steede,  
Who neigh'd so hye, that what I would haue spoke,  
Was beastly dumbe by him.

*Cleo.* What was he sad, or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o'th' yeare, between extremes  
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merrie.

*Cleo.* Oh well diuided disposition: Note him,  
Note him good *Charmian*, 'tis the man; but note him,  
He was nor sad, for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his. He was not merrie,  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his toy, but betwene both.  
Oh heavenly mingle! Bee'st thou sad, or merrie,  
The violence of either thee becomes,  
So do'st it no mans else. Mer'st thou my Poets?

*Alex.* I Madam, twenty seuerall Messengers.

Why do you send so thicke?

*Cleo.* Who's borne that day, when I forget to send  
to *Anthony*, shall dye a Begger. Inke and paper *Char-*  
*mian*. Welcome my good *Alexas*. Did I *Charmian*, e-  
uer loue *Caesar* so?

*Char.* Oh that braue *Caesar*!

*Cleo.* Be choak'd with such another Emphasis,  
Say the braue *Anthony*.

*Char.* The valiant *Caesar*.

*Cleo.* By *Isis*, I will giue thee bloody teeth,

If thou with *Caesar* Parago nagaine:

My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,

I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My Sallad dayes,

When I was greene in iudgement, cold in blood,

To say, as I saide then. But come away,

Get me inke and Paper.

he shall haue euery day a seuerall greeting, or Ile vnpeo-  
ple Egypt. *Exeunt*

*Enter Pompey, Menecrates, and Menas, in*  
*warlike manner.*

*Pom.* If the great Gods be iust, they shall assist  
The deeds of iustest men.

*Mene.* Know worthy *Pompey*, that what they do de-  
lay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are sutors to their Throne, decays  
the thing we sue for.

*Mene.* We ignorant of our selues,  
Begge often our owne harmes, which the wise Powres  
Deny vs for our good: so finde we profit  
By loosing of our Prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well:

The people loue me, and the Sea is mine;  
My powers are Cressent, and my Auguring hope  
Says it will come to'th' full. *Marke Anthony*

In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
No warres without doores. *Caesar* gets money where  
He looles hearts: *Lepidus* flatters both,  
Of both is flatter'd: but he neither loues,  
Nor either cares for him.

*Mene.* *Caesar* and *Lepidus* are in the field,  
A mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where haue you this? 'Tis false.

*Mene.* From *Silvius*, Sir.

*Pom.* He dreames: I know they are in Rome together  
Looking for *Anthony*: but all the charmes of Loue,  
Salt *Cleopatra* soften thy wand lip,

Let Witchcraft ioyne with Beauty, Lust with both,  
Tye vp the Libertine in a field of Feasts,  
Keepe his Braine fuming. Epicurean Cookes,  
Sharpen with cloylesse sawce his Appetite,  
That sleepe and feeding may prorogue his Honour,  
Euen till a Lethed dulnesse

*Enter Varrus.*

How now *Varrus*?

*Var.* This is most certaine, that I shall deliuer:

*Marke Anthony* is euery houre in Rome  
Expected. Since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
A space for farther Trauaile.

*Pom.* I could haue giuen lesse matter  
A better care. *Menas*, I did not thinke  
This amorous Surfetters would haue don'd his Helme  
For such a petty Warre: His Souldierish  
Is twice the other twaine: But let vs reare  
The higher our Opinion, that our stirring  
Can from the lap of Egypt's Widow, plucke  
The neere Lust-wearied *Anthony*.

*Mene.* I cannot hope,  
*Caesar* and *Anthony* shall well greet together;  
His Wife that's dead, did trespasses to *Caesar*,  
His Brother wand' vpon him, although I thinke  
Not mou'd by *Anthony*.

*Pom.* I know not *Menas*,  
How lesser Enmities may giue way to greater,  
Were't not that we stand vp against them all:  
Twer pregnant they should square between themselves,  
For they haue entertained cause enough  
To draw their swords: but how the feare of vs  
May Ciment their diuisions, and binde vp  
The petty difference, we yet not know:  
Bee't as our Gods will haue't; it onely stands  
Our liues vpon, to vse our strongest hands  
Come *Menas*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lepidus.* Good *Enobaria*,  
And shall become your  
To soft and gentle sp

*Enob.* I shall intere  
To answer like himse

Let *Anthony* looke on  
And speake as lowd a

Were I the wearer of  
I would not shauet t

*Lep.* 'Tis not a tim  
*Eno.* Euery time f

borne in't.  
*Lep.* But small to

*Eno.* Nor if the fu  
*Lep.* Your speech

No Embers vp. Hee  
*Enter An*

*Eno.* And yonder  
*Enter Cesar,*

*Ant.* If we compo  
Hearke *Ventidius*.

*Cesar.* I do not kn  
*Lep.* Noble Friend

That which combin'  
A leaner action ren

May it be gently hear  
Our triuiall difference

Murther in healing w  
The rather for I earne

Touch you the fowre  
Nor curstnesse grow

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken  
Were we before our A

I should do thus.  
*Ces.* Welcome to

*Ant.* Thanke you.  
*Ces.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit sir.  
*Ces.* Nay then.

*Ant.* I learne, you  
Or being, concerne y

*Ces.* I must be laug  
Should say my selfe of

Chiefely i'th' world.  
Once name you derog

It not concern'd me.  
*Ant.* My being in

*Ces.* No more ther  
Might be to you in E

Did practise on my S  
Might be my question

*Ant.* How intend  
*Ces.* You may be p

By what did heere be  
Made warres vpon me

Was Theame for you.  
*Ant.* You do mista

Did vrge me in his A  
And haue my Learnin

That drew their swor  
Discredit my authori

And make the warres  
Hauing alike your ca

Before did satisfie yo  
As matter whole you